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California:

and

Sketches of the Southwest

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CALIFORNIANA:

AND

SKETCHES OF THE SOUTHWEST

BY WM. M. BRISTOL

Halftone illustrations
from Nature

Drawings by Constance Farris,
from suggestions by the author

"He flashed his random speeches
* * * that deal in *ana*."
—*Tennyson*

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

GENERAL

Copyright, 1901
by
WILLIAM M. BRISTOL

TO THOSE who have found pleasure in the Land of the Sun

WM. M. BRISTOL
East Highlands, California
DECEMBER, 1901

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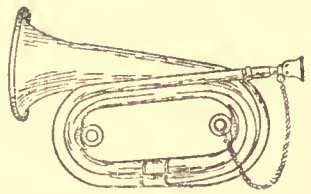
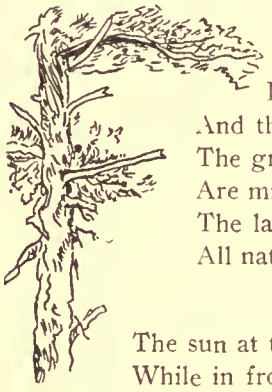


Reveille

LONG the beacon Star of Empire has been burning in the West
For the crowded city's vassal and the subject of Unrest;
Now 'tis standing toward the Southland, where the Poppy and the Sun
Hail him Colleague and Triumvir in an Empire just begun.

THE LAND OF THE AFTERNOON



I.

FROM over the grim sierra the rays of the dawning creep,
And the vale of the rose and orange awakes from its peaceful sleep;
The green and the gold and purple of tree and of fruit and hill
Are mingled in magic splendor—the work of a master Will;
The lay of the lark is merry and the mocking-bird trills in tune—
All nature is grand in the morning in the Land of the Afternoon.

II.

The sun at the zenith pauses and mellows the scene below,
While in from the broad Pacific the balmiest breezes blow:
The odor of orchard blossoms is heavy upon the air
And blends with the floating fragrance of foothill flowers rare;
No sound is heard but the humming of bees in the sea of bloom—
For Nature is napping at midday in the Land of the Afternoon.

III.

The dream of the day is passing, the beams in the west are red,
And the charm of the twinkling twilight is over the landscape spread;
The voices of many creatures in a hymn of homage tell
Of the sovereign Creator, who hath fashioned all things well;
There is merriment and music by the light of the silver moon—
For Nature is gay in the evening in the Land of the Afternoon.

"All nature is grand in the morning"

THE PHANTOM SEA

I.

NCE, the geologists say, the orange-clad vale of the Southland
Under the ponderous depths of an arm of the ocean lay buried.
Neptune, as god of the sea, with Æolus, mighty lieutenant,
Held indisputable sway where now reigns the goddess Pomona.
Jupiter, maker of storms, in cumulus chariots riding,
Over the breast of the deep, with coursers unfettered, presided.
Ever the turbulent beat and roar at the base of the mountain
Sounded through canyon and glen and echoed again from the summit,
Rising in rhythmical swell and falling in musical cadence,
Till with the soughing of pines its melody soft was commingled.
Years into centuries ran and cycles to infinite ages
Ere, from the vale and the hill, the deluge primeval receded.

II.

Cloudless the evening in June, on foothill and towering mesa;
Gone is the dream of the day, but now comes the vision of midnight.

High through the dome of the sky and flooding the earth with her brightness,
Luna, the queen of the night, in scintillant grandeur is sweeping.
Sirius, lord of her van, below the horizon is dipping,
Leaving the glittering train to blazon its way through the heavens.
Yonder is seen, in the south, the glistening peak of Trabuco;
There, to the east and the north, Jacinto and seaméd Gorgonio;
Here, in the realm of the Bear, the wall of Antonio rises—
Sentinels gaunt of the night and shimmering white in the moonbeams;

"Beating its walls as of old"

Giants in stature and girth, and guardians all of the valley.
Hushed are the songs of the birds in meadow and neighboring highlands;
Stilled are the voices of men, for Morpheus rules in the Southland;
Fit is the time and the place for wandering spirits and phantoms—
Look! Through the gap in the west, that opens away to the ocean,
Cometh the sea of the past in spectral and weird apparition;
Stealthy and quiet as death, yet moving with swift animation—
Coming again to its own and covering all with its whiteness.
Deep is the gulf as of yore and wide as its ancient environs;
Heaving, like storm-driven tide, and breaking in spray on its islands;
Beating its walls as of old, but sounding no chord on the mountain.
Never a ship or a sail is seen on its mystical bosom;
If, in its depths, there is life no token appears on its surface;
Billowy, silent and free, it comes at the bidding of Nature,
Bringing to tree and to vine a dewy and welcome refreshing;
Lingering late in the morn, till over the snowy sierra
Cometh the monarch of day, to wield his omnipotent sceptre.

Such is the wraith of the sea that rolled in the primitive ages.

AT THE FOOTHILLS

A BORDER of sage and boulders,
A sycamore green and gray,
A garden of spreading olives—
Their flowers a fleecy spray;
A crescent of snow-capped summits,
A rampart of purple hills,
A flanking of orange orchards
That drink from the mountain rills;
A sky like a dome of sapphire,
A flushing of sunset light—
A dream of the vale of Eden,
In harmonies wondrous bright!

THE SEASONS: REVISED

Sunny Southland Summer
Lazily has passed;
Autumn, with its splendor
Vanishing at last,
Ushers in the showers,
Harbingers of Spring—
June, October, April
Make a merry ring.

In the Pines

HERE is music in the forest of the pines,
As its murmur ever swells and declines;
And its trees though old and hoary,
Sing a sweet æolian story
To the soul that for their glory
E'er repines.

There is beauty in the profile of the pines,
In the shaft that never wavers nor reclines;
And their tops seem ever yearning
For the sun above them burning—
Stalwart, straight and never turning
Are their lines.

There is vigor in the odor of the pines,
There's a wealth of hearty health in their mines;
And to him who hath the leisure
To pursue their hidden treasure
There is peace and there is pleasure
In the pines.

In The Pines

A Race at the Rancheria

I.

N sage-mantled foothills, where mountain and plain
Coquet with each other, yet ever are twain
The whitened adobes and wickiups gray
Of Indian Village are standing today;
For never an acre in meadow or vale
Remains to the red man, but only the tale
Of greed and aggression that left him a ward
In the realm of the Southland, where once he was lord.

Under wrong and oppression the worm has not turned;
A stoic, not cynic, the thought he has spurned
Of carrying aye, on the ledger of life,
A debit of hate and a credit of strife.
Though ne'er to the council of State he is called,
Yet love for the flag in his breast is installed;
And from his rude dwelling, on festival day,
Its stripes and its folds on the winds stand away
In eloquent proof that the red man is true
To the stars of the white in their setting of blue;
Though ward, yet not vassal; though vanquished, yet proud
Of country and home and traditions that crowd
His unwritten annals of race and of tribe—
But yield not their charm 'neath the pen of the scribe;
Though stoic, yet bending to humor and wit;
A knight, from his birth, of the bridle and bit;
A friend to the pale-face—if friendship be sought;
Not scorning to labor, but ready for aught
In honest endeavor to win for his own
The sinews of life in the fields that have grown
For conquering alien a bountiful store—
The fields he may ride as a huntsman no more.
With humble ambition and needs that are few,
Come days of fiesta, with nothing to do
But mingle with friends, from the neighboring hills,
In primitive pastime and sport that instills
In youth and in maiden a love for the things
Oft told by the elders, which memory brings
To mind as they gather at festival board,
From racial tradition and family hoard.

II.

At Indian Village dwelt gallant José—
A bachelor yet—with a widower gray;
The father and son, in their castle of clay,
Tortillas and charqui for many a day

Had baked and had simmered as only a man,
When under the heel of Necessity, can.
A humdrum existence, it seemed to José,
And often, in fancy, he wandered away
To fetter a maiden—Luisa yclept—
At baking expert and at brewing adept.

Full many a swain, when in quest of a mate,
Would fain be a hero and pleads with his Fate
To send Opportunity, ladder to Fame,
That high on the roll he may blazon his name,
And thus 'neath his spell may the maiden be brought,
While troublesome rivals are counted as naught.

In channels like these did José lead his dream
By night and by day, a perennial stream
That doubled and straightened and doubled again
Through Solitude's wilds and the highways of men.
Not finding its goal till the tournament came,
At Autumn's fiesta, with race and with game.

III

On sage-mantled foothills, where mountain and plain
Approach and coquet with each other in vain,
The day of the jubilee, dawning at last,
Saw things of the present—and things of the past;
Saw ponies with riders in scarlet and brown
Go clambering up and come galloping down;
Saw vehicles battered and vehicles new
With occupants costumed in varying hue;
Saw Juana, Luisa, Felipe, Ramon;
Saw dashing José, in the garb of a Don;
A multitude hailing from desert and pass,
With trouble forgotten, and gathered en masse
To join in the frolic, procession and romp,
And witness the glory of carnival pomp.

The day of the jubilee, waxing apace,
Saw track and environs prepared for a race
Momentous in import to hero José,
For here was the maiden and here was the way
To ride for her favor and, winning the ride,
The belle of the tribe to enthrone as his bride.
His rivals had vanished till now there remained
But one, christened Monte, who yet was retained
As promising suitor by her whom José
Was planning to capture on carnival day.

A gay caballero was Monte, indeed;
And never was ridden a speedier steed
Than Buckskin, the bronco he proudly bestrode,
On tortuous trail and precipitous road.
"Who rides down the roadway of El Capitan,
And who, at the finish, is leading the van

Is winner of all I have hoped to possess,"
Quoth Monte with boastful and confident stress.

The gauntlet thus thrown was picked up by José,
Who often, in secret, had stolen away
To glide down the hills on a courser of steel—
A curious craft which the whites called a wheel:
Of ancient design, and with leader so high
Its rider appeared as a bird of the sky;
With trailer so low it was easy to feel
That the plural of cycle was, rightly, a wheel.
Whoever bequeathed to intrepid José
This pedalless coaster of primitive day
Ne'er thought that its mightiest race was not run,
Nor dreamed that a bride by its use might be won.

IV.

Down sage-mantled foothills, on carnival day,
The wheel and the bronco went racing away;
The spurs of the horseman a furious start
Had given to Buckskin and, swift as a dart,
He sped toward the goal at the foot of the grade.
The flight of the wheelman was somewhat delayed
By absence of pedals, but soon it was plain
That, by gravity's law, he was certain to gain
Abundant momentum to carry him down
The serpentine highway of Indian Town.

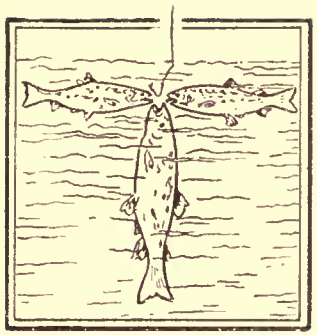
The motley assemblage that peopled the way
Held kinsmen of Monte, as well as José;
And so, as the bronco was nearing the pole
That stood but a furlong from finishing goal,
The partisan embers burst forth in a flame—
A deafening pean that seemed to proclaim
That Destiny rode with the horseman that day;
But just in an instant the wheel of José
Dashed into the track from a byway above—
As silent as death, but as swift as a dove.

A glimpse of the spectre so close in his rear
Smote Buckskin with sudden and terrible fear;
And cleaving the air, as a rocket of night,
He fell, with his rider, in sorrowful plight
'Mid low-branching sycamores, out of the way
Of fortunate rival, the wingéd José.

V.

O'er sage-mantled foothills, where mountain and plain
Coquet with each other, yet ever are twain,
The day of the jubilee, waning at last
On things of the present and things of the past,
Saw bridal procession, in scarlet and brown,
Go clambering up and come scampering down.

José and Luisa, in nuptial array,
Were lady and lord of the castle of clay.



THE SILVER BROOK

HERE is silver in the brook
As it babbles through the nook
Laughing merrily at maxims quaint and olden:
And its accents plainly say
That it would not change its lay
For the legendary silence that is golden.

There is silver in the brook
And it nibbles at the hook,
While it flashes like a jewel in its casket;
But the rod will bring it out,
And will add the shining trout
To the score already hidden in the basket.

There is silver in the brook—
At his image one may look
In the pool of limpid metal brightly burnished.
Where the fairies and the elves,
Catching glimpses of themselves,
Were enchanted by the mirror Nature furnished.

There is silver in the brook—
In the volume of the Book
Of the mystic cord of life it is the token;
And the spirit of the rill
Spins a thread of silver still
For the mending of the heart by sorrow broken.

"There is silver in the brook"

A Bachelor's Hall

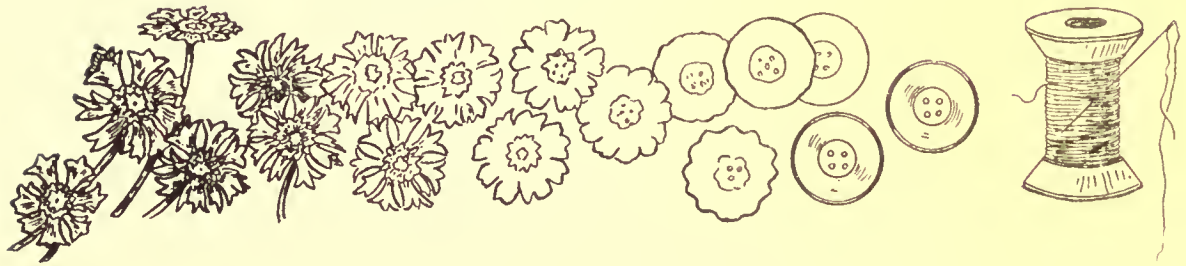
A Bachelor's Hall

(To W. P. R.)

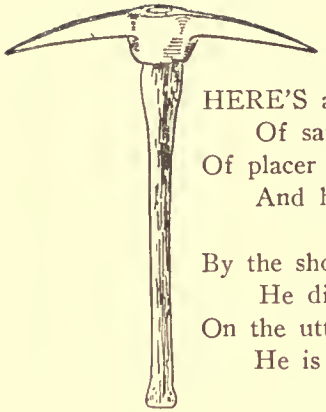
NOT in Spain nor feudal story,
Not 'mid grizzled crags and hoary
Is the castle where my heart and fancy dwell;
Neither minarets nor tower
Pierce the spangled sylvan bower
Where the roses to the sun their secrets tell.

Naught to me is Leonora—
With the captivating Flora
In the arbor of her temple I commune;
To her favor I aspire,
And the music of my lyre
To her praises and her homage I attune.

Have the Fates a hermit left me?
Or has Solitude bereft me
Of enjoyment in the train of golden hours?
Nay, my pleasures come a-trooping
In a gay and serried grouping
Through the garden of the goddess of the flowers.



THE PROSPECTOR



HERE'S a man in the West who is ever in quest
Of sand that is sable and yellow,
Of placer and ledge with auriferous wedge
And hues that are ruddy and mellow.

By the shore of the sea, whether windward or lee,
He digs for the riches of Ophir;
On the uttermost peaks for the treasure he seeks—
He is neither a drone nor a loafer.

Over desolate lands with their blistering sands
His will-o'-the-wisp he is chasing;
To each strike that is new does this Wandering Jew
With the rest of his fellows goes racing.

If denounced as a fool by the expert from school
He has learned, long ago, not to mind it,
But to listen a while and reply, with a smile,
"Gold is, sir, wherever you find it."

He is cheery and bold, this hunter of gold,
And daily in visions supernal,
His fortune is struck, while the star of his luck
Leads on, as a beacon eternal.

THE PROSPECTOR (Concluded)

With the sky for a tent, when the daylight is spent,
He stretches himself in his drugget,
And dreams that the queen of the night, in her sheen,
Has turned to a luminous nugget.

On ocean or lake, with a bountiful stake,
His craft is the classical Argo;
And he guides, in his sleep, its return o'er the deep
With the glittering fleece for its cargo.

He has prospects and claims, with euphonious names,
From Nome to the Straits of Magellan;
And from some it would seem he is ever a-dream
Of Mary or mystical Helen.

There is Daisy and Belle and diminutive Nell,
And the girl he imagines is waiting
To welcome him back when the bars in his sack
Are enough to permit of his mating.

With pan and with pick, where the colors are thick,
The dust from the dross he inveigles;
But it speedeth away from his purse in a day—
For swift are the pinions of eagles.

And so, through the year, his luck and good cheer
The wealth of the nation is swelling;
But not for himself is there title or pelf,
Nor home in a permanent dwelling.

In the Desert

HERE is verdure and life in the desert since winter has
watered its sand,
And over its wearying vastness the print of a masterful
Hand;
For Nature has woven a garment of marvelous texture
and hue,
And spangled its curious webbing with blossoms of
yellow and blue.

There is beauty and bloom in the desert, that region of death and despair,
For now is its moment of gladness, with springtime afloat in the air;
And many a flower is fading, unseen of the children of men,
Its form in the wilderness wasting and turning to ashes again.

* * * * * *

There are pillars of dust in the desert that sweep with an eddying blast—
The demon of summer is rampant, with springtime a dream of the past:
But out from that seething perdition the spirit of beauty and bloom
Has gone to the Being who gave it, unscathed by the terrible doom.

A California Alphabet

A is for Apricots, ready in June,
B for the Blackberries following soon;

C is for Cherries, that melt in the mouth,
D for the Dates that are grown in the south;

E, Eucalyptus, a monolith tall,
F the old Fig-tree that stands by the wall;

G for the Grapes and the Gold from the hills,
H for the Honey the dew-drop distills;

I, Irrigation, the magical key,
J the scrub cedar or Juniper tree;

K for the Kumquat, as small as a dime,
L for the Loquat, the Lemon and Lime;

M for the Melons that cover the ground,
N for the Nectarines rosy and round;

O for the Oranges, ruddy as gold,
P for the Plums and the Peaches untold;

Q for the Quinces for sweet-apple stew,
R for the Raisins that go with them, too:

S for the Strawberries, red all the time,
T, the Tomatoes, that take the same rhyme:

U, the Umbrella tree, and, in its shade,
V the Vaquero that's wooing the maid;

W, Walnuts, the best in the land,
X in a quadrupleX row for their brand;

Y for the Yucca, the wilderness tree,
Z for the Zephyrs that blow from the sea.

Land of the sun and of valley and mountain,
Land of the youth-seeker's mystical fountain—
All of the alphabet standing together,
Scarcely can hint at its wonders and weather:
Fables and dreams, in a marvelous story,
Only can tell of the half of its glory.

"D for the Dates that are grown in the South."

"E, Eucalyptus, a monolith tall,"

"U, the Umbrella tree,"

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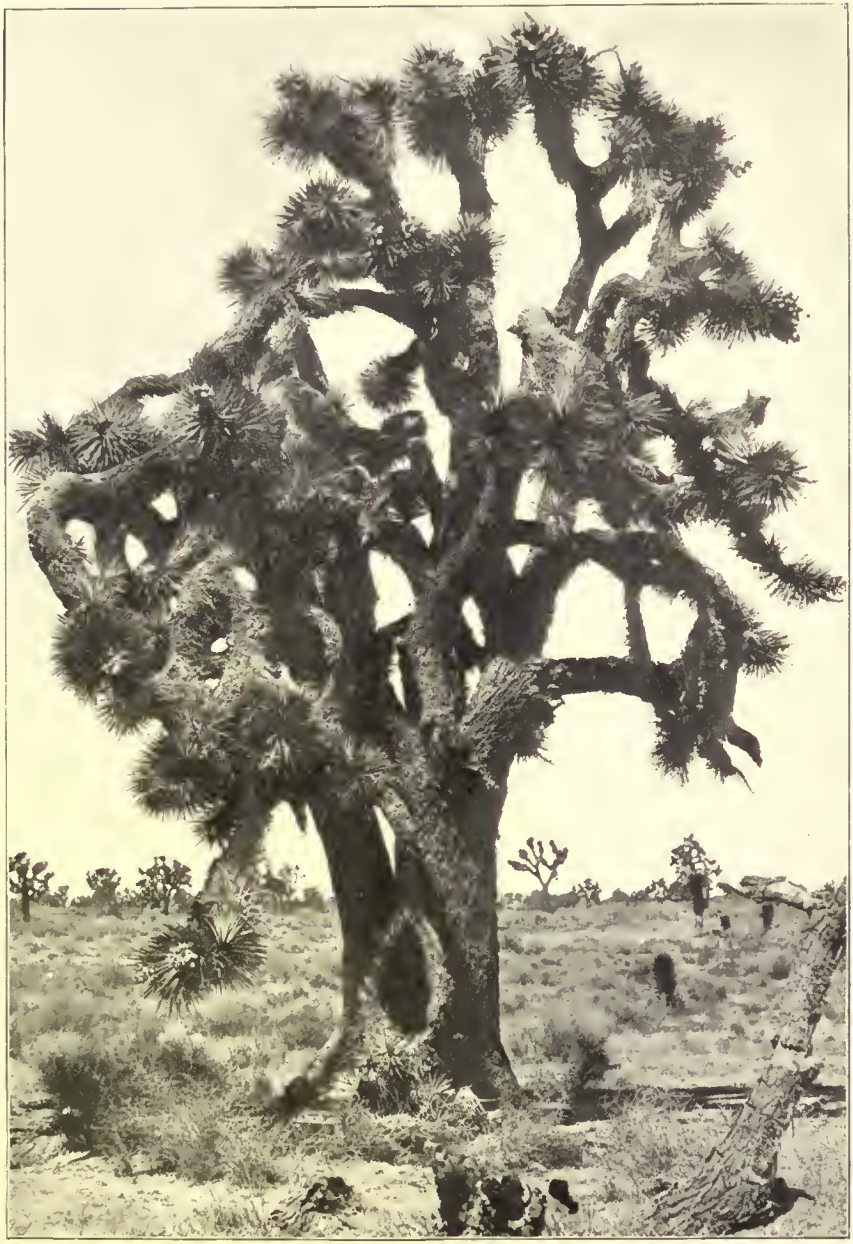
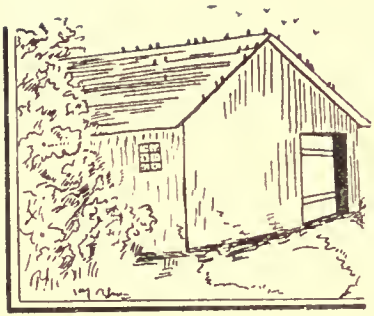
"Y for the Yucca, the wilderness tree,"



THE BLACKBIRDS THAT



FOLLOW THE PLOW

'VE a bodyguard in sable—
They are perching on the stable,
Making merry morning music for the cow;
And they chatter in elation
And in hungry expectation,
As I harness Bill and Barney to the plow.

Up and down the rolling furrow,
Where the earthworm, in his burrow,
Is unhoused and rudely hurried to the light,
There my followers are trooping,
On each helpless insect swooping—
Ever busy till the coming of the night.

He who by the plow is thriving
Must be holding or be driving—
So the maxim for a century has run;
But the saying does not matter
To the blackbirds with their clatter—
For the labor of the plowman is their fun.

A Tale of Two Burros

HEIR titles were Moses and Samson, for the twain were both mighty and meek,
And could carry a man and his burden to the top of the uppermost peak—
Over rocks in the bed of the canyon and the tottering, moss-covered bridge,
Up the blistering wall of the mesa, and the zigzagging trail on the ridge.

It is said that the burro is stupid and lazy and stubborn and slow;
That in truth, he is naught but a donkey—and the last is undoubtedly so;
But the rest is unfair innuendo—he has brain in proportion to brawn,
And at times is as swift as a courser and nimble and quick as a fawn.

So much, then, for Mose and his double—a tribute to plebeian worth;
If forbidden the rank of patrician 'twas simply a matter of birth.
I cherish the sure-footed service they rendered so long and so well,
But there yet is a page of their story—a quaint reminiscence—to tell.

Near the site of the village of Claremont, 'mid the sage and the sycamores gray,
A pioneer bee-keeper settled and dwelt in a primitive way.
His house was a rude habitation, his barns were the wide-spreading trees—
For the most of his care and his labor was claimed by the diligent bees.

In time, as his colonies prospered till their humming had grown to a noise,
There came to the home of the keeper a number of rollicking boys—
Bright lads, who were schooled in the makeshifts that go with a life in the brush—
Who could plan an exciting adventure and carry it out with a rush.

"'Mid the sage and the sycamores gray,"

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A TALE OF TWO BURROS (Continued)

It was there, when my outing was ended, the burros were left for the year,
The youngsters announcing their coming with many a vigorous cheer;
For the boys, when upon them, imagined they rode at a Pegasus gait,
And dreamed all the night of the morning and the race to the schoolhouse at eight.

But monotony lurks in the saddle and the Gilpins were losing their zeal,
When genius to Jehus transformed them, with Moses and Samson a-wheel;
For out from oblivion's chaos the wonderful single-hoss shay
Had come, as a strange apparition, to travel again for a day.

Tradition the vehicle pictures as minus a flaw or a squeak,
But the spectre the boys resurrected was wofully battered and weak;
And shakier yet was the harness, with baling-rope spliced for the reins
To fetter the curious tandem, out-rigged with laborious pains.

At last, when the chaise was all ready and loaded with lunches and boys,
The tally-ho trumpet was sounded with sudden and terrible noise;
A signal, was this, for the starting and very efficient it proved,
For off like Saint Nick and his reindeer the picturesque equipage moved.

So near to the hives of the workers the road to the settlement lay
That bees, just deprived of their savings, encountered the team on the way;
And thus, to the trumpet's alarum, was added an impetus strong,
That hurried the galloping tandem yet faster and faster along.

A TALE OF TWO BURROS (Concluded)

In vain did the driver endeavor to slacken the dangerous speed,
For neither would Moses nor Samson to pull or entreaty give heed.
A passenger, then, in the panic, laid hold of a quivering rein,
But, even as hope was ascendant, it shivered and parted in twain.

By the tightening grasp on the other the team was turned into the hives,
And it seemed that the boys and the burros must pay for their fun with their lives;
For helter and skelter the honey in prodigal fashion was spread,
While legions of furious creatures encompassed the team as it sped.

A pantomime, serio-comic, with desperate swinging of hats,
A mouse-colored tandem in terror and fleeing like scampering rats;
A hurricane's track through the beehives and colonies blinded with rage,
A cumulus dust in the offing, a fugitive team in the sage.

***** ****** *** ******, *** *** ***** **** **** ****** *** ****,
*** * *** *** *** ****** ** *** *** ** *** ********** ****;
*** ***** ** *** ***** *** *** *********, **** ******* ******,
** *** ********** **** *** ********* ***** ** *** *****!

The boys straggled painfully homeward and each with a different tale
Of how they were struck by a whirlwind and pelted with fiery hail;
The burros came back the next morning, encumbered with nothing but dust,
But the chaise, in returning to chaos, left never a streak of its rust.

A Southland Idyl

WAS autumn in the vineyard where the wealth of Muscat grapes
Hung in masses from the branches, clustered in fantastic shapes,
And the pickers, lads and lasses, worked with fingers deft and spry,
Harvesting the crop which promised "London Layers" by and by.

I, a bachelor of forty, slighted by the Fates unkind,
Sauntered past the merry workers, heeding naught, nor looked behind;
Past them all and down the roadway, where the spicy pepper trees
With their long and fern-like branches dallied with the ocean breeze.

Past them all? Well, not exactly, for a little way apart
From the others worked another—one whose beauty thrilled my heart.
Fair was she as any princess, fair as aught beneath the skies,
And a world of mirth and mischief gleamed from out her hazel eyes.

Lithe and graceful was her figure, health and youth in every line,
And she sang a sprightly carol as she went from vine to vine;
Nothing on her head of auburn save a comb of richest red,
While her trim, yet modest, costume told that she had been well bred.

Is it strange my pace was slackened, that I paused beside a tree
In unnoticed admiration of a creature fair as she?
For I knew, where'er I wandered, I might never see again
Such a rare and radiant picture—such a handsome—Leghorn hen.

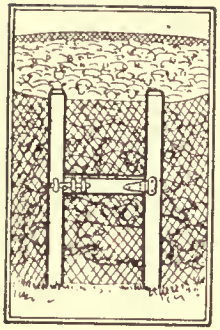
How the Norther Came Over the Range

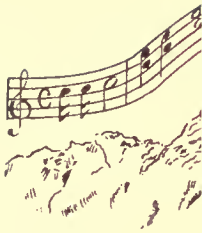
WITH a wheeze and a whiz, with a whistle and whir,
With sounds that were striking and strange,
With a rush and a rustle, with hurry and bustle
The Norther came over the range.

With a shriek and a groan, with a sigh and a moan,
With a deafening roar and a faint undertone;
With a zip and a thud, with the boom of a flood,
With the whoop of a savage a-thirsting for blood;
With a hoppety, hippety hump, with a dash and a skip and a jump,
With hustle and flurry, with scamper and scurry
The Norther came over the range.

With a howl of delight at the shimmering sight
Of oranges hung to the breeze;
With a twist and a twirl, with a wrestle and whirl
For the whipped and the whimpering trees;
With bellowing, blustering blow, with vigor and vim and with go;
With method and madness, with bullying badness
The Norther came over the range.

With a wheeze and a whiz, with a whistle and whir,
With sounds that were striking and strange,
With musketry rattle and thunder of battle
The Norther came over the range.



THE KING OF THE TRAMPS

E IS long and lank and lean,
And there's slyness in the mien
Of the scamp;
In his garb of gray and yellow
Roams the gay and hungry fellow—
Royal tramp.

Raiding sheepfolds in the night,
In the daytime sleeping tight
As an owl;
Waking when the sun is setting,
Breaking camp and ready getting
For a prowl.

Snatching poultry here and there,
Spreading feathers everywhere,
In his flight;
Like a phantom disappearing,
Out of sight and out of hearing
Through the night.

In the garden and the lane
Are the footprints fresh and plain,
He has made;
But the search for him is fruitless
And the chase a vain and bootless
Escapade.

Though a predatory rough
There is comedy enough
In his song;
And the hills again are ringing—
With defiance he is singing,
"Come along!"

Every corner of the land
Renders tribute to the bland,
Merry knave;
But his rendezvous is hidden,
And the public is not bidden
To his cave.

Master of the thieving art,
Fleet of foot and light of heart
As the hare—
Over all the western region,
Prince of plunder, he is legion
Everywhere.

So his title he has gained
By his record, well sustained,
As a scamp;
For the pranks of King Coyote,
In vagaries grim denote a
Monarch tramp

"Like a phantom disappearing"

UNI

A Jack-rabbit Round-up

A measureless mesa—a brush-covered plain,
A square here and yonder of glimmering grain;
A scattering, skirmishing, pioneer band
Unhindered by hardship, subduing the land.

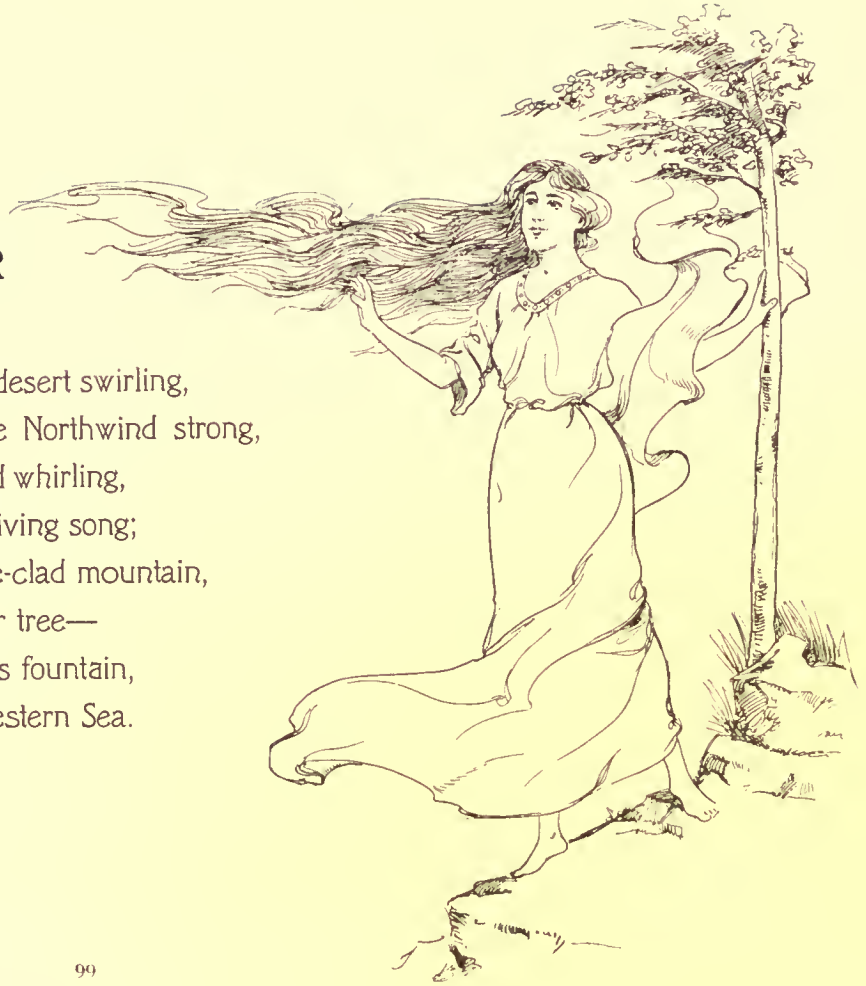
A hurrying, scurrying, scampering host—
A legion of long-ears—a million almost;
A square here and yonder of vanishing grain,
A council of war and a cunning campaign

A spacious stockade and a wide-open door,
A wing from each flank for a furlong or more;
A cordon of cavalry beating the brush,
A long-legged army engaged in a rush.

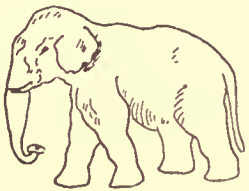
A panicky pattering into the pen,
A following squadron of horses and men;
A shutting of gates and a slaughtering brief;
For the victors a cheer—and a barbecued beef!

NOVEMBER

DOWN from the wilds of the desert swirling,
Warm and dry, comes the Northwind strong,
Over the hills of the Southland whirling,
Chasing the fog with a driving song;
Bringing the breath of the pine-clad mountain,
Odor of sage and of cedar tree—
Savors that flow from Hygeia's fountain,
Out in the land by the Western Sea.



SOME NATURAL LANDMARKS—CALIFORNIA



THE ARROWHEAD
San Bernardino County

EAGLE ROCK
Los Angeles County

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN
San Bernardino County

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN—A NEARER VIEW
San Bernardino County

ALLIGATOR HEAD AND SPHINX

San Diego County

NATURE'S STATUE OF LIBERTY

San Diego County

WHALE ROCK
Ventura County

THE ELEPHANT
Inyo County